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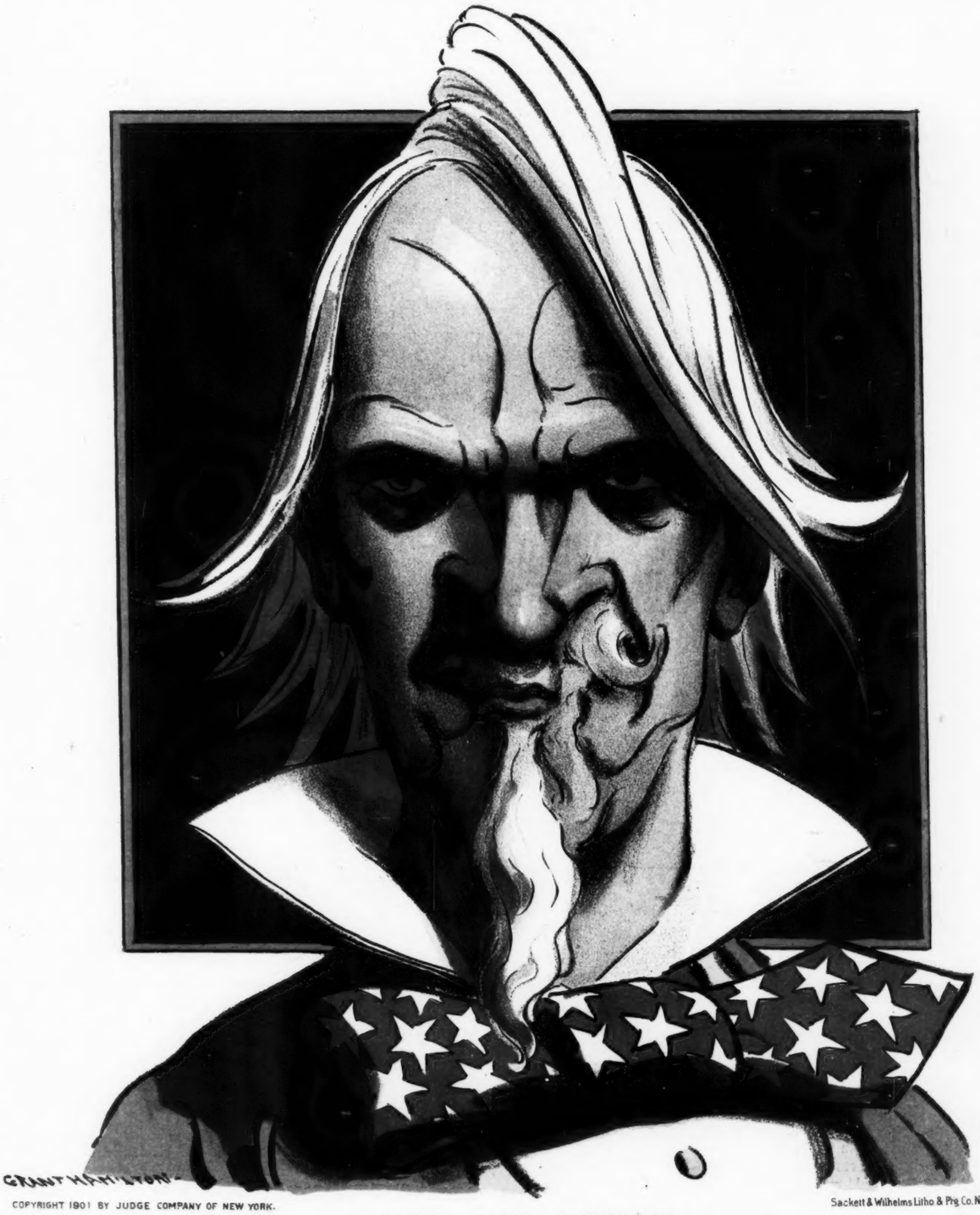

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HILL AND SCHLEY.

Some people think they can see in Uncle Sam's face the portraits of the Democratic Presidential candidates for 1904.

Judge

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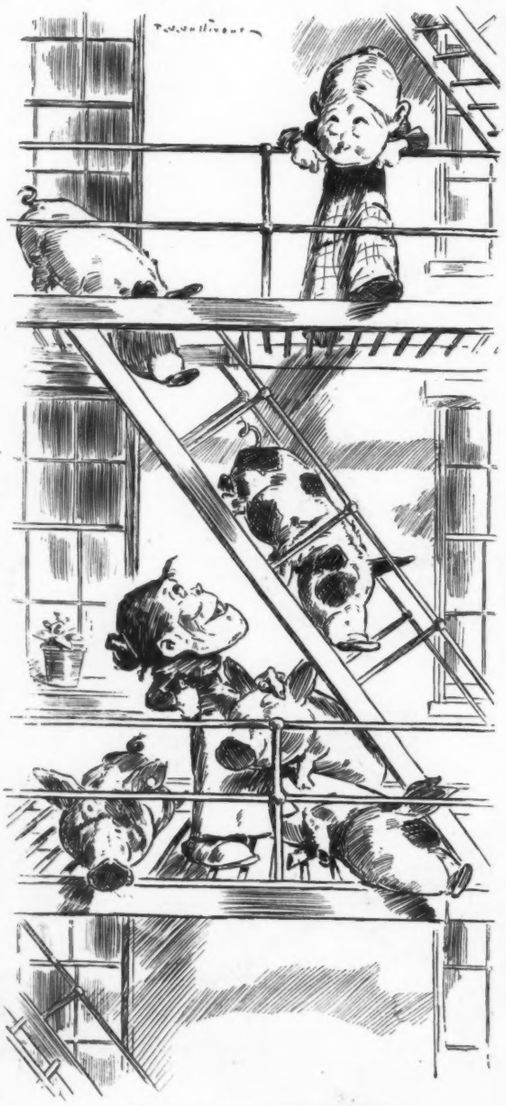
IT HAS BEEN officially announced that Mr. Croker is going to spend Christmas with us. This bit of news will be received with great rejoicing and jubilation in England.

* * *

THE wood-fire crawls along the hill,
A snake of wriggling gold,
And on the purling crystal rill
No lily-buds unfold.
And by the coal upon the wing
Into the cellar's hold,
Oh, hear the furnace gayly sing,
"I'm blowing hot and cold."

* * *

THE ACT of gliding and bobbing over Niagara Falls, which bids fair to become known as the Niagara Falls habit, seems to be growing in favor among those vain people who are always seeking notoriety through some unusual channel. There was a time when people craving any kind of recognition were content to attract the attention of the public to themselves by their labors in the field of letters or on the field of Mars. Others, not specially gifted, depended upon their skill on gridiron and diamond to lift them from obscurity. But it is now the fashion to do the unusual and unheard-of thing to attract public attention. To eat pie against time, or to exist for a given period without eating at all, or to appear in a Greek play, are methods of gaining notoriety, or fame, if you will, that are becoming so threadbare and moth-eaten that they will no longer hold the water of public wonder. Even the matrimonial alliances contracted in balloons are losing their glamour of popularity, which is waxing pristine, and may in time give place to divorces granted in tigers' cages, haloed by the circus-ring. Be that as it may, there is no gainsaying the fact that the Niagara Falls habit has a quality which makes it in every way eligible for the enjoyment of a unique prestige for some time to come. The element of danger will always lend to it the kind of attractiveness that holds one captive. And the more attractive it shall become, the more will Brooklyn realize that the glory of her bridge-jumper has been dwarfed into insignificance. Her natural pride will be shaken, which should prompt her to call upon the greatest of all her great shawled prophets to devise a means of snatching the laurels from the brow of the Niagara Falls hero and restoring them to her own, even if it should result in her shawled prophets ordering a few cranks to jump off the bridge on horseback or glide off it on automobiles.



PLENTY OF SPACE OUTSIDE.

MRS. ROONEY—"Th' landlord av these flats sez he'll allow no more pigs in th' house."

MRS. CASSIDY—"Faith, thot's raisonable enoof, Mrs. Rooney, wid such large, roomy foire-eshcapes an' an illigant roof."

IN PICTORIAL WORK the greatest of all art is the art of concealing one's art, that it may not be apparent to the beholder. The machinery behind the picture should be as much a mystery to the layman as are the ingredients of a pie which, as a pie pure and simple, not only charms but holds the seer captive. But no artist should attempt to conceal his poster art, even in posters, but should put it into battle-pieces, landscapes, marines, and everything else he paints, if he would be successful and glide around in an automobile. It is not good art to conceal one's poster art, whether in a poster or a portrait, because the more posteresque any picture can be made the greater will be its chance of gaining immortality for itself and shekels for its creator.

* * *

FROM RECENT REPORTS it is pretty evident that Chicago is about as well supplied with apples as Newcastle is said to be supplied with coals. Chicago is to be congratulated, especially when it is considered that she is the porcine Mecca, and that the apple is the bride of the roasted pig in very much the same sense that Aphrodite is the bride of the sea, without reference to her favorite squab. The combination of roast pork and apple-sauce should now bathe and swathe Chicago in a glory of gustatory joy until she becomes an unctuous melody to and for the lotos-eater. Pomona is evidently with the city of trade-winds in spirit, and while she trips gracefully among the barreled balls of red and gold she fills the atmosphere with a juicy dithyramb in honor of apple-jack, one drink of which is a ticket to joy's Ultima Thule. Long may Chicago wave, and long may the hog be the apple of her eye!

* * *

PRINCE CHING has just issued an edict commanding all the civil and military officials to assemble on the occasion of the eclipse of the sun, some time this month, to rescue that luminous body from the dragon who is believed by the Chinese to be on the alert to devour it, as if it were a mere omelet of commerce. It is the opinion of the most eminent Chinese philosophers that the dragon can only be beaten off and thwarted and put to flight by means of gongs and drums, hammered on in such a way as to cause him to fancy that a reception is being given in his honor by the employés of an American boiler-factory in full blast. The dragon that could live on the line of any "L" road without having his nerves shattered could go to China and eat the sun, despite all the tumty-tum of the drum and the ding-dong of the gong that could be pumped out or thumped out by the best regularly ordained hammer-artists in the Empire. Each hammer virtuoso is to the sun what the patent-medicine man of the Indian tribe is to the indisposed Indian, who takes the noise-cure for anything from embolism to appendicitis. By frightening the dragon until he is on the verge of hysterics the sun is saved for agricultural and other purposes instead of being a meal for the ancient sparring partner of St. George. To think of the earth's revolving around the sun and the dragon whirling himself around that orb at a sitting should prove to us the truth of the saying that, after all, the world is small. The Chinese are old enough to know that the dragon's attacks on the sun are no more to be feared than is the baying of the small dog at the moon. Why don't they annihilate the dragon? Possibly they cannot. Possibly we should sympathize with them, inasmuch as we battle in vain with many dragons that would devour our sun of prosperity and leave us forever in the cold. It is not necessary to call these dragons by name, or to say that they are food adulterers, vivisectionists, police officials, or political reformers. It is enough to say that they are dragons that snort flames of sulphur, and turn from blue to Nile-green, and lash the air with tails that snap and reverberate like rifle-shots. Beside these dragons the Chinese specimen is a pink-eyed poodle that eats bonbons and ice-cream. And if these flame-shingled dragons cannot destroy the sun of our welfare and prosperity, it is pretty safe to wager a sky-scraper building against the proverbial red apple that the celestial monster will never be the cause of a rice famine in the Flowery Kingdom.

1.
CUSTOMS OFFICER (*to new arrival*)—"You'll have to pay duty on all this beer."

COMMENTS, WISE AND OTHERWISE.

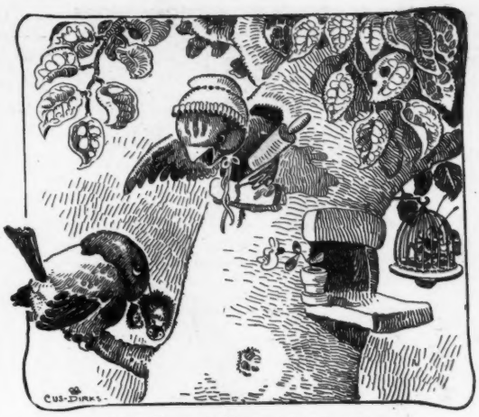
THE world is full of fools who object to ash-cake because it is not prepared in a chafing-dish.

A razor-strop is a good thing to put a keen edge on a disobedient boy's dull memory.

JONAS JUTTON.

THE BRIGHT SIDE OF IT.

THE discontented man is annoying at times, but the world wouldn't be half so interesting if everybody were satisfied.



MRS. BIRD—"Henry, take that caterpillar to the barber and get it shaved. You know I don't like the woolly ones for soup."

THE RAGDOLPHIN.

THE ragdolphin is a queer toy,
Which the dear little mermaids enjoy.
It has shoebutton eyes
And a look of surprise,
Which makes its expression quite coy.

CAROLYN WELLS.

NOTHING TO LOSE.

Cholly—"I think I may change me mind."

Miss Marbleheart (earnestly)—"I would if I were you."

2.
"Vat?"

Preceptress (to fair one beginning Virgil)—"Miss Jones, you may begin."

Miss Jones—"'I sing of arms and the man'—let me see—'I sing of arms and the man'"——

Preceptress—"Well, Miss Jones, what follows?"

Miss Jones (with confidence)—"Oh! an engagement, I am sure."

3.
"Good-morning, sir. You gan keep dose embty parrels."

THE MULE THAT TRIED TO FLY.

A MULE that had seen birds flying about the farm-yard concluded that he, too, ought to be able to navigate the air.

"It is all in getting the right sort of a start," he said. "If I were only up in the air once, where those birds are, I could keep going by moving my legs vigorously and by flapping my ears as well."

So the mule climbed to the top of a straw-stack after much difficulty and then jumped off on the opposite side, where the descent was steep. He worked his legs as rapidly as possible during the one and one-eighth second that he was falling to the ground, but his fall was not impeded thereby.

He struck the ground so hard that he bounded eight feet into the air.

Moral—When you start to soar, start from the ground.

W. B. H.

FROM cigarette to pipe is a change of tobacco heart.

INEXPLAINABLE ACCURACY.

CHOLLY POORSHOOT (*enthusiastically*)—"Hi! hi! guide, did you see me tumble that bird? Whew! That's my third successive kill."
GUIDE—"Yes, b' gosh! you *are* havin' an off day."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

MAUDE WINTER.

A mimic world is in "The Auctioneer,"
Contrasting joy and sorrow, hope and fear—
Wherein familiar characters appear,
Comic, pathetic, mercenary, queer:
Your presence shines amongst them, *Helga* dear,
The pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.

IN BOSTON.

LITTLE Johnny saw a Shetland
Pony on the course,
And he said, "Oh, mother, see the
Homœopathic horse!"

THE CAT AND THE MANICURE.

ONCE upon a time a country cat that was also a hayseed cat visited the city and learned many new things about life that she never dreamed of before, and put some of them into practice. Her city cousin showed her about and improved her mind and manners in many ways.

Finally the country cat was taken to a manicure establishment, where her nails were carefully trimmed, rubbed with orris-root powder, and polished to a high degree.

When the country cat returned to her rural home she expected to cause a sensation.

As she approached her home she met her hereditary enemy, the fox terrier, and the dog, from force of habit, emitted a bark and gave chase.

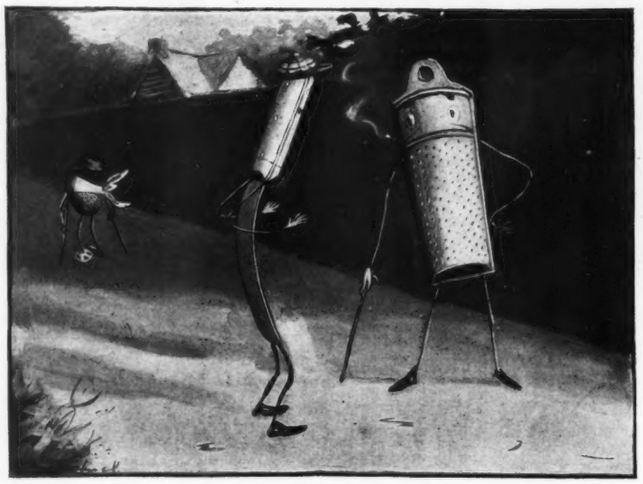
The cat, also from force of habit, made for the nearest tree and tried to climb to its topmost branches.

But her claws were so short that she could not adhere to the tree-trunk, and the dog grabbed her thorax and choked the life out of her—all the lives, in fact.

Moral — Of what use is a bath-tub in a country house where there is no water?

W. BOB HOLAND.

WILLIE SQUIRREL — "Say, ma, butternuts grow on *milkweeds*, don't they?"



MR. KNIFE — "I hear you and the nutmeg had a rubup the other day and you whipped him."
MR. NUTMEG GRATER — "Oh, yes; I did him up in grate shape."

WELCOME TO HER.

"I can't live without her!" exclaimed the youth.
"Then take her by all means, for I can't live with her," answered her father.

THE BANANA-CONDA.

THE bananaconda is thin,
With a reddish or yellowish skin.
He's not quite a brute,
Nor exactly a fruit,
Though to each of them he is akin.

CAROLYN WELLS.

THE DIFFERENCE.

THE katydid begins to lift its strident note six weeks before the frost; but the theatrical manager waits until it strikes him.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Kaucas—"Each of them is a presidential aspirant."

Bhallot—"Then they are rivals?"

Kaucas—"Not in the least. Their hopes are respectively for 1904 and 1908."

FRUITLESS.

Mrs. von Blumer—"Wasn't your shopping-tour a success?"

Mrs. Witherby—"Not a bit. I shopped for hours and didn't see anything I didn't want."

A LENGTHY MATTER.

Wango—"What is your opinion of capital and labor?"

Gowan—"Haven't time to tell you, old man. I've got to catch the six-o'clock train, and it's one o'clock now."

HIS RESOLVE.

MRS. JONES—"I suppose you will swear off on some *foolish* habit on the first of January?"
MR. JONES—"Yes, dear; I shall swear off on *that* habit."

A NOVEMBER ETCHING.

THE pig hangs by his hinder legs,
Suspended from two wooden pegs.
His smile is wide and flows apace—
A corn-cob holds that grin in place,
To make our fancies flip and flap
And put our appetites on tap.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

The countess—"You've no idea how embarrassed the count was when he proposed to me."

The dear friend—"I heard it took considerable of your father's money to pay his debts."

NO GYMNASIUM NEEDED.

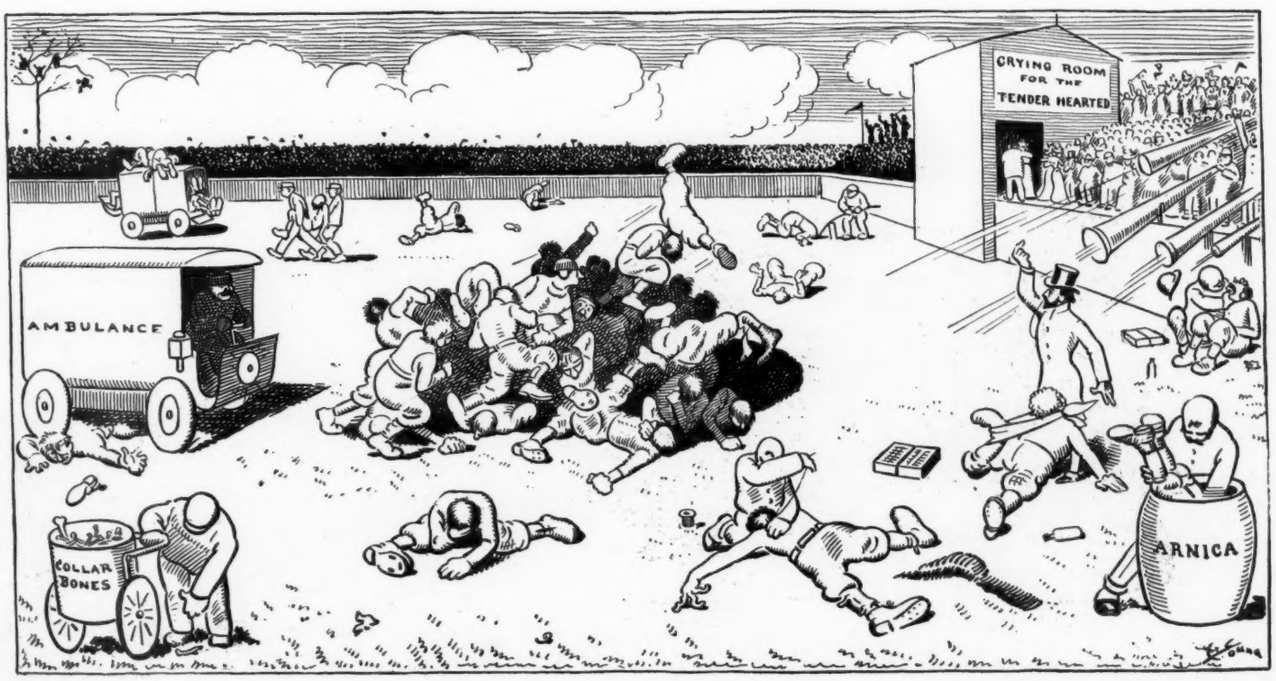
Uncle Abner—"Si Greenleaf's boy didn't l'arn much at college, but he came home with an arm like a blacksmith."

Uncle Amos—"Well, he could have got an arm like a blacksmith by bein' a blacksmith."

AT THE TICKER.

Slick—"He must be a stock-broker. See how dexterously he handles that tape!"

Slack—"Not on your life he ain't! He acquired that knack from measuring ribbons up at Midley's last winter."



SPORT.

A POSSIBILITY.

CHOLLY—"Deuce take it! I wonder if I will ever hit anything?"
CADDIE—"You may; some day you may fall out of a balloon."

RIGHT AGAIN!

BECAUSE that Shakespeare's self has said it, lends
A reason that it's sure:
"There's a divinity that shapes our ends"—
And she's the manicure.

G. B.

WELL-TAUGHT.

Mrs. Shaperone—"My dear, you have had a fine education and should try to impress people more with your culture."

Miss Sollid—"Yes; but that would impress them that I hadn't any."

MAIDS OF THE MIST.

Nellie—"My shirt-waist seemed to attract a good deal of attention at the Pan-American."

Nora—"Probably the people thought the design was copied from the Rainbow City."

JUST LIKE CORBETT.

KIND LADY—"My, what a cute little brother you have!"
CHIMMIE (*champion sixty-pounder of the eighth ward*)—"Little bruder? Huh! Dat's me press-agent."

OUGHT TO BE.

AS THIS is an age of combinations, there ought to be money galore for the man who will invent a machine that will be at once a music-box, a lawn-mower, a hay-cutter and a carpet-sweeper.

AND THERE WERE OTHERS.

Poeticus—"Did you spend your summer among the hills of Arcady?"

Cynicus—"No; among the flats of Harlem."

MR. SQUIRREL LANDLORD—"See here, Mr. Van Winkle, you've been occupying my front yard for about twenty years now, and I think it's high time you settled up."

A MORE SERIOUS AFFAIR.

MR. COLLEGEBRED—"Yes, Jack Stalwart got his neck broken in that game yesterday. Pretty tough luck, but not near so bad as what happened to Pickerupp."
GLADYS—"Oh, dear! What happened to Pickerupp?"
MR. COLLEGEBRED (*in a ghastly whisper*)—"He fumbled the ball!"

BELIEVED THE POST-OFFICE SHOULD SEEK HIM.

Hewitt—"I believe that the office should seek the man, not the man the office."

Jewett—"So do I; I live in a country town where there's no rural delivery."

HIGH PRAISE.

THIS is the spirit of the grape
That makes my fancies beam;
It quite improves my mental shape
And rubricates my dream.

I know not if it's Chateau this
Or Chateau that; I know
I simply sail on seas of bliss
When with it I'm aglow.

It deepens my philosophy,
It sharpens all my wit,
Until I clap my hands in glee
And care begins to git.

And while joy stands me on my head
Its virtue will I note
And say it never painted red
A ten-cent table d'hôte.

HIS TROUBLE.

MR. GREEN was ill. Lost his appetite, couldn't sleep and had various other alarming symptoms. Mrs. Green called in the family physician, Dr. Saunderson. Now the doctor's medical skill was unquestionably great, but he was deaf as a post and so abrupt and gruff in his manner as to be quite distressing at times. During the careful examination he made of the patient, Mrs. Green stood by with clasped hands and anxious eyes, eagerly watching for any change in the physician's expression that might reveal his opinion of the case. At last he turned to the lady, gave her some directions as to the care of the patient and handed her a little bottle of pellets. As he was leaving the room Mrs. Green suddenly remembered that nothing had been said about diet. She flew to the doctor's side, exclaiming,

"Oh, doctor, what kind of nourishment am I to give him?"

The doctor, mistaking the question for one regarding the cause of the patient's illness, half turned and flung back over his shoulder the startling reply:

"Liver, madam, liver; nothing but liver."

FRANCIS A. SCHNEIDER.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

"MAY be it's just as well not to have a lot of money."

"Well, anyhow, it's just as well to try to make yourself think so."

——ETY ——!

The jolted—"My! these Broadway cars can scarcely be called the poetry of motion."

The jounced—"No; they are the blank verse."

THE custard-pie is blowing ripe
Upon the whiffle-tree,
And man his timbrel and his pipe
Attunes to ecstasy.

AN AIRY NOTHING.

SHE—"Mr. Spacer says he got a mere trifle for that last poem of his."
HE—"A mere trifle! Why, the editor hit him with an ink-well and threw him down the elevator-shaft."
SHE—"Yes, but that's a mere trifle to Mr. Spacer—he used to be a foot-ball player!"

A BUD OF PASSAGE.

HE JOYED that she was back in town.
He had resolved to tell his love.
To meet her train, he hurried down
In ardent haste his fate to prove.

"You're glad to be at home?" His pause
She filled as fast as she could speak—
"Glad? yes, I'm awfully glad—because
We sail for India, next week!"

M. S. BRIDGES.

DAYBREAK.

(Up a Harlem light-shaft.)

KI, YI, YI! and bow-wow-wow!! The janitor's dog begins the row; resenting the milkman's early call, he barks and yelps through the basement hall. The next-door janitor, rest-disturbed, in mind and body is much perturbed. "Did iver yez know the loikes of that? Shure, why ain't they satisfied wid a cat?" The first-floor baby is now awake and howls till the walls of the building shake, while his doting parents join the riot and cake-walk and goo-goo, to get him quiet. The Hebrew tenant, across the shaft, with righteous resentment is almost daft—"Mein Gott in himmel! I bays mein rent, but I don't got no sleep here vort a cent." And then, with irony hard to bear, alarm-clocks tinkle upon the air, and a sad French voice breaks on the ear, "Oh, zis is so bad I nevair-r hear!" Then several men rise at one time, but what they say can't be told in rhyme.

And where do we find this cause for wrath? In "six light rooms and a fine tiled bath."

JENNIE D. LOCKWOOD.

THE INEVITABLE.

Wife—"I had to spend fifty of that five hundred for some necessary things."

Husband—"Well, what are you going to do with the four hundred and fifty?"

Wife—"Oh, that goes for luxuries."

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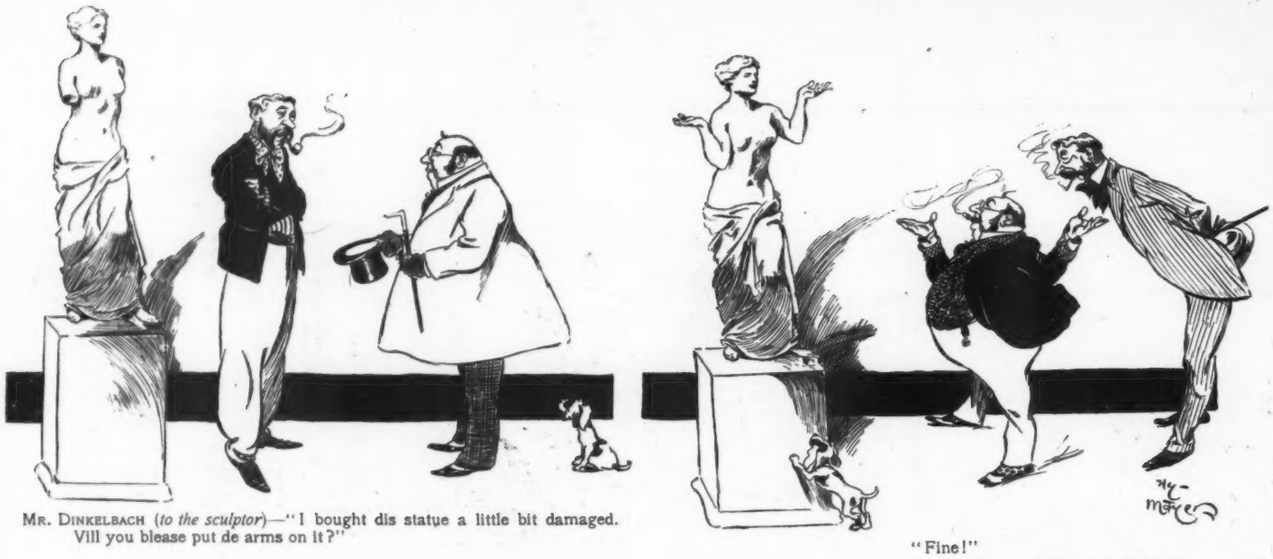
ANOTHER APPEAL FROM AMERI

SHIP-BUILDER *(to Republicans)*—"Republican protection has made a world market for the products of
Now protect our ship-building industry, so that we can ship American goods in American ships,

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Ptg Co. New York

AMERICAN WORKINGMEN.

e products of our farms and factories. See what you have done for the iron-workers over there.
erican ships, and make us the greatest ship-building nation, as we deserve."



MR. DINKELBACH (*to the sculptor*)—"I bought dis statue a little bit damaged. Vill you blease put de arms on it?"

"Fine!"

HOW FOOLISH!

"CHUMPLEY bet a man he could walk from New York to Philadelphia."

"Did he do it?"

"No; he got half way, decided he couldn't do it, and walked back again!"

THE TENCENTIPEDE.

THE tencentipede cannot climb,
For each of his legs is a dime.
He's silver, you see,
So he wants to be free,
But they keep him tied up all the time.

CAROLYN WELLS.

THE REASON.

Blinks—"I wonder why our suburban friend Jones always carries a golf-bag to the city."

Jinks—"Don't you know? Why, he carries home his marketing in it."

WHEN THE AUTO RAN INTO THE RIVER.

UNCLE SI—"Gosh all hemlock! There's one of them submarine boats I've read about."

THE DROMEDARY.

THE dromedary swings his head,
A most contented quadruped;
As happy in the zoo he stands
As if upon the desert sands.

He sees the small boy all aglow
The roasted peanut to him throw,
And while he rocks with joy abeam,
Anticipation gilds his dream.

That peanut tossed, though low or high,
He gathers gayly on the fly,
Which makes a smile in ripples flee
All over his anato-mee.

How beautiful that one so great
Should through and through be made elate
By one small peanut, till he skins
His eye and rapturously grins!

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

WHEN the doggie caught the rabbit as he capered through the lea, said the rabbit, "My left hind-foot's a queer mascot, don't you see?"

COMPARATIVELY SECURE.

JOKE-WRITER—"Then you couldn't take anything from this batch of jokes?"
EDITOR—"I hope not. I've been vaccinated six times, and always carry a germicide atomizer."

WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

We have the cookless kitchen now,
The horseless age is due;
Brave man is getting hairless, and
He'll soon be toothless, too.

The loveless wedding 's common, oh,
The childless flat is here;
The waistless maiden comes and goes,
And shows the ringless ear.

A pitless hell 's established for
The heartless, and I'll bet
That up in heaven we shall find
The wingless angel yet.
—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is a most valuable remedy for all throat and lung affections. It cures a cough or cold in one day. Doses are small; results sure. Price, 25 cents a bottle.

Mr. Youngpa (two a. m., at the 'phone)—"Hello, doctor! Can you come down and see the baby right away?"
Doctor—"What seems to be the trouble?"
Mr. Youngpa—"I—I—I'm not sure, but I think he has insomnia."—*Chicago News.*

Hopes are never realized where ambition is greater than strength. Fortify your system with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists' and grocers'.

HIS PROFICIENCY AS A LINGUIST.

Brown—"Are you anything of a linguist?"
Jones—"Well, I can read and understand French, German, golf, yacht, base-ball, and foot-ball, but I can't talk 'em."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Packer's Tar Soap

is pure, mild, invigorating and antiseptic. It soothes while cleansing, and for more than a quarter of a century has been The Standard

For the Hair and Skin

The Packer Mfg. Co., 81-83 Fulton St., New York.

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

IN THE SADDLE.

Georgia's in the saddle,
An' the mules are on the go;
Things are gittin' lively,
And we're wantin' of 'em so!

An' you're goin' to see some trouble
'Fore the fallin' of the snow,
Fer they're fixin' of their fences,
An' they're hoein' of their row!

Georgia's in the saddle,
An' we're waitin' now to know
How fur a politicianer
A Georgia mule kin throw!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Gold Medal at Pan-American Exposition—Dr. Siegert's Imported Angostura Bitters.

He—"I think a woman's club, to be successful, should aim at something far removed from female suffrage."
She—"I can't agree with you. I believe that should be its sole object."
He—"Exactly; but if it aims at something else it is more likely to hit that."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Hanger-on—"What's making that rasping noise in the next room?"
Bailiff—"I think it's a woman filing an application for divorce."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Why Evans'?

Because it has led every advance in the science of brewing for the past 115 years.

The first and only ale without sediment. Brilliant and clear to last drop.

C. H. EVANS & SONS, Hudson, N. Y.

Johnny—"What is an adage?"
Pa—"An adage is an epigrammatic sophistry manufactured to prevent one from doing something he wants to do or to induce him to do something he doesn't.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

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Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St.

Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

TRADE E&W MARK — EARL & WILSON'S COLLARS CUFFS & SHIRTS BEST IN THE WORLD.

"I saw you at the Thomas concert the other night. Who was that lady that sat beside you? You and she seemed to be almost carried away with enthusiasm."

"Oh, we were! That was Sue Dallington. Haven't you ever met Sue? She was telling me of such a splendid dressmaker she has just found."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

The Sohmer Piano is inferior to none, and is universally acknowledged to be superior to very many others offered at "prices which defy competition." When its merits are considered, it is the cheapest instrument in the market today.

Tess—"What's the trouble in that worry-club of yours?"
Jess—"Oh, half the members are afraid our president will get discouraged or resign."
Tess—"And how about the other half?"
Jess—"They're afraid she won't."—*Philadelphia Press.*

WHEN A MAN CAN FLY.

"Dey say dat a man can't fly," said the colored citizen, "but dat's all a mistake; you des scare 'im bad enough en he'll surprise you! W'en I use ter live in Alabama endurin' de days er de ku-klux, me en n'er feller wuz asettin' 'pon top a hill, sayin' what we'd do ef de ku-klux tackle us, w'en lo en behol'! heah dey come, twenty strong, ridin' straight fer us! Well, suh!—we light out time we see 'um, en I didn't tech de groun' fer two hours by de clock. I flewed, I did, en I could heah my wings beatin' de air ez loud ez a bass drum; en w'en we done got cl'ar out er range I had ter turn sideways ter light! Can't fly, eh? Des let de ku-klux come a nigger's way, en he'll give you a lesson in flyin' dat'll las' you all yo' life, en be de wonder er yo' gran'-chillun!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Lady Sneerwell—"Have your daughters accomplished much in music?"
Unfortunate father—"Yes; the tenants below have moved."—*Punch.*

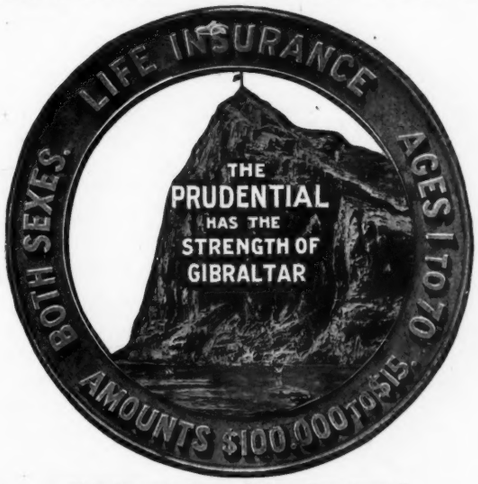
HOW MUCH LIFE INSURANCE Do You Carry?

Is it enough to support your family, educate your children, and pay any debts you may have?

The Prudential

Issues a policy providing all these benefits at low cost. The amount insured will be paid by the company in one sum, or the beneficiary may be provided with

AN ANNUAL INCOME FOR LIFE



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Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and be sure to say you read this advertisement in JUDGE.

Any waiter will tell you that a tip in the hand is worth two on the races.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Between New York and Chicago in 24 hours . . . Via New York Central—Lake Shore Route, . . . **"LAKE SHORE LIMITED."**

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Christmas *is the* Merriest Christmas.

Amid the festivities of Christmas-tide one often finds the greatest charm of picture taking. The children, the children's tree, the visit at the old home, the flash-light at an evening gathering, the merry sleighing party, the home portraits of one's friends—all these offer subjects that have a personal interest, that one cherishes more highly as the years go by.

***"KODAK"* stands for all that is Best in Photography.**

Kodaks, $5.00 to $75.00.
Brownie Cameras, $1.00 to $2.00.
Christmas Booklet free at the Dealers or by Mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD

Great Double Track Scenic Highway between NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA and BUFFALO, NIAGARA FALLS and CHICAGO. Address Chas. S. Lee, General Passenger Agent, New York, for illustrated descriptive matter.

Mr. Plaid—"I really enjoy my Sunday golf."

Mr. Hootman—"Yes. On week days the minister is so likely to be around."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Why don't you challenge him to prove the truth of his scandalous assertions?" said the American.

"That would be too easy a task for him," answered the European. "I'll have to challenge him to fight."—*Washington Star.*

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JUDGE'S LIBRARY

Is published everywhere

NOVEMBER 20TH.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Men's Furnishing.

Fall Neck Wear, Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Lounging Gowns and House Coats, Pajamas, Night Shirts, Dress Shirts, to measure.

Handkerchiefs.
Gloves.

Broadway & 19th St.
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Strengthens System Body Brain and Nerves.

VIN MARIANI

WORLD FAMOUS MARIANI TONIC

Before Meals APPETIZER
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At All Times TONIC

Sold by all Druggists. Refuse Substitutes

HOW IT HAPPENED.

CHOLLY—"Your father bowed to me very pleasantly on the street to-day."
EDITH—"Indeed? Mamma said he'd make some awful blunder if he went without his glasses."

PILES Sample treatment of Red Cross Pile and Fistula Cure and book explaining each variety of piles, sent free. REA CO., Dept. 23, Minneapolis, Minn.

"Laughlin" BEST AT ANY PRICE. POSTPAID ONLY $1.00 MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY. 14-K GOLD PEN- SENT ON APPROVAL TO RESPONSIBLE PEOPLE. TRY IT A WEEK. CATALOGUE FREE.

ADDRESS LAUGHLIN FOUNTAIN PEN CO. 289 GRISWOLD ST. DETROIT, MICH. U.S.A.

A Feast of Humor in the Thanksgiving Judge Dated November 30th.

A pure rye, 10 years old, aged by time, not artificially.

Trimble Whiskey Green Label.

Sole Proprietors, WHITE, HENTZ & CO., Phila. & New York. ESTABLISHED 1793.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

Ida—"But Belle always said Harry was 'one man in a million.' Why did she jilt him?"

May—"Oh, she found one man with a million."—*Chicago News.*

Ability to succeed is limited by your health. Attain your full possibilities by using Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. The great strength-giver.

Perdita—"I understand Mr. Binks plays the cornet."

Lydecker—"You have been misinformed. He works it."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

MESSRS. ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO. have made an artistic addition to their show-rooms—the Louis XV. Salon, in green and gold. This apartment, which is historically correct in every detail, from the ornately-carved oaken tables and cabinets to the special designs chosen for the dainty brocade coverings of the fragile-looking chairs and tête-à-têtes, is devoted to the exhibition of some signal triumphs of the Parisian modistes.

A creation of Gustave Beer's, which might have been designed for some court beauty of the old régime, is of white Chantilly lace over a white satin slip, veiled with chiffon. The skirt, which is very long, is ornamented with incrustations of blue velvet, showing an applique of Irish point. The round, full corsage is confined by a wide velvet girdle, held in place by tiny rhinestone buckles, and the décolleté is outlined by blue velvet roses, studded with brilliants.

Quite different in type, but equally chic, is an *immaculata* gown from the same house.

CALIFORNIA

BY THE

OVERLAND LIMITED

The luxurious train of Pullman Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and Buffet-Library Car (with barber) which runs from

CHICAGO to SAN FRANCISCO

Every day in the year via

Chicago & North-Western Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Rys.

All agents sell tickets by this route.

IF you have never used the

SNAP HOOKS AND EYES

you cannot realize how much comfort and convenience you are missing. Try them on your next gown, and you will, after a few days' use, discover a lifetime of convenience in dressing and undressing. All dealers and

Snap Hook and Eye Company

OF AMERICA,

General Offices: 25 Broad Street, New York.

MR. BUG (*proprietor of bowling-club*)—"I'm awful sorry, fellows, but I'll have to take the balls now, as my wife wants to make pea-soup."

Put in colander

EAT COOK'S FLAKED RICE

DON'T COOK.

1. Pour the dry flakes from the package into a colander.
2. Put a liberal amount of salt into a little boiling water.
3. Pour the boiling salted water on the rice, through the colander.
4. Drain, shake slightly, and turn out on a hot dish; serve with sugar and milk. That is all—and the rice is perfectly prepared in less than a minute.

Salt the water

Pour water through

FOR BABY TOO.

NEW BORN INFANTS—One cup of Cook's Flaked Rice, one quart water, boil ten minutes, add a pint of milk, pinch of salt, and a very little sugar, and strain.

THREE MONTHS OLD CHILD—Use double the quantity of Cook's Flaked Rice (two cups) and do not strain.

Empty into dish

SEND ONE COUPON AND 10 CTS. FOR OUR DOLL.

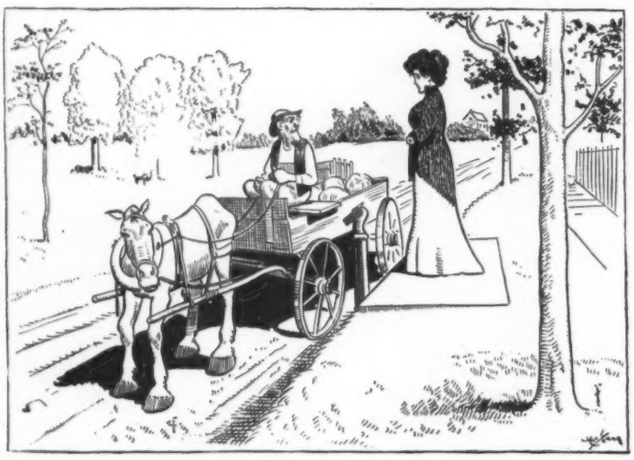
COOK'S FLAKED RICE CO., 1 Union Square New York.

INSIST ON
NOVENA RYE
AND ENJOY YOURSELF

A Pure Old Whiskey, that Tickles the Palate and Stimulates the Ambition.

Send name to Department J and receive the handsome book "After-Dinner Stories" Free.

Bottled by EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES.
RHEINSTROM BROS. CINCINNATI.



SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

MRS. SUBUBS—"Good-morning, Mr. Mildew. Don't you remember that I asked you to bring me some nice fresh eggs?"

AMOS MILDEW—"Oh, yes; I hain't fergot it. I told Mandy 'bout it a month back, an' she's bin savin' of 'em ever since."

Christmas *Judge*

Christmas won't be Christmas without it. The world's best artists and writers are gathered together for the

Judge Yule-Tide Festival

A cover has been painted by a famed artist, and it will be done into colors by the high art printing that makes JUDGE unique.....

ADVERTISING FORMS CLOSE DECEMBER 9

JUDGE is read and re-read in every home, club, library and reading circle. This number will be treasured. Be in it.....

WHEN CIDER TASTES THE BEST.

WHEN autumn paints her ruddy glow across each hill and dale,
And Jack Frost plays at hide-and-seek through orchard, wood, and vale,
Then comes the cider-making time—the old horse walking round,
The apples crunching in the cogs, a mellow, soothing sound;
The press with rye-straw mingled with the pulp of red and gold,
The luscious cheeses dripping with a cadence yet untold;
And then the foaming tub of juice, with boys and bees about,
And, too, the straw with which we draw the mellow liquid out.

Oh, that is when it tastes the best, a straw poked in the foam,
And we upon our bended knees to draw the cider home!
A golden goblet if you will, or cut-glass and the rest,
But when we draw it through a straw is when it tastes the best.

Then, later, when the cogs are stilled and all the cider 's made,
With twenty barrels in a row behind the old mill's shade,
With twenty bung-holes waiting there to make a youngster smile,
I'd give a heap to take a straw and linger there a while.
I'd like to straddle every cask and sample every one,
And sozzle in that apple-juice until the day was done;
And then I'd like to go to bed and dream that I were still
A-straddle of a cider-cask down under Martin's mill.

For that is when it tastes the best, a straw poked in the foam,
Humped over on a cider-cask to draw that sweetness home.
A golden goblet if you will, or cut-glass and the rest,
But when we draw it through a straw is when it tastes the best.

JOE CONE.

THE MURDER OF CAESAR.

By Raymond A. Eaton.

JULIUS CÆSAR was standing on the front steps of the state-house in Rome, idly watching a blue-jay building its nest in a tall elm-tree, when Brutus came sauntering along. Brutus noticed that Cæsar wore a worried look, and asked:

"What's the matter, Julius—mother-in-law?"

"Nix wife's mother," replied Cæsar; "it's knockers."

"Oh, shucks!" said Brutus.

"That's what," exclaimed Cæsar. "I tell you, Brute, that there isn't any place on earth that has more knockers than Rome. I'm next to a bunch bigger than a wolf."

"Oh, I don't know," remarked Brutus, in his non-committal way.

"Oh, of course you don't know," Cæsar went on, "that this town is full of men who have their hammers out for me. You couldn't expect to hear of them, for you are my old college pal, and if they went to throwing the harpoon into me while you were around you'd bat 'em in the block. They know that, too. But I've been rubbering around a good deal of late, and I find that there's several prominent men, and senators, too, who would like to have my hide nailed on their back fence. Cassius is one of them, although he don't think I'm onto his game.

"I once wrote that all Gaul was divided into three parts. I wouldn't say that now. I believe that the bulk of it is all here in Rome. And I tag the backcappers. On the square, if I had all the hammer-throwers in Rome on my staff I could make those legions of mine look like a pair of deuces against a flush. I'm sure that the president, vice-president, and general-grievance committee of the Unreformed Order of Knockers live right here in Rome. You can chase around to the alley pool-room and lay your money sixteen to one, without the consent of any man on earth, that the best anvil chorus in the world is right here in Rome."

Cæsar looked down the street and saw several men sneaking along back of the First Baptist church.

"There goes Cassius and a bunch of senators—a nice car-load of decayed human fruit!" Cæsar exclaimed with fine scorn.

"Somebody will blow out your life-light some day for talking so plain, Julius," remarked Brutus.

"I'll be busy when they are doing it," rejoined Cæsar; "and you know that I'm not a man that sits around the cigar-store and makes a talk he can't back."

"Oh, I know you're no boo-boo man," Brutus answered; "but I'm just giving you a tip. These hot sandys of yours don't go with the push any more. The other night I was over in the third ward, and I heard several say that if you ever crossed the tracks you'd be carried home in the county-hospital ambulance."

"I was just telling you that there was a big gathering of guys in this town who would like to see me in a stone box," said Cæsar, "and I guess the third ward has its share. I know that there's a dozen members of the gas-works gang who wouldn't have to booze up to stick a knife in me, but I'm not afraid of them. It's the senators that have got my fear-strings jumping. They have got it in for me for fair. They are a Hades of a jealous lot."

Brutus seemed nervous and did not answer, and Cæsar asked,

"What's the matter, pal—fleas?"

"No, Julius," replied Brutus. "I put on my woolen underwear this morning, and"——

"Drop off!" exclaimed Cæsar. "Woolens on a hot day like this? Why"——

Cæsar got no further. Cassius and a number of senators came running up and started a rough house. Cæsar was game as a pebble, and he shot out his bunches of fives for fair, but there were too many—but at that he was holding his own. Then Brutus drew a razor from his boot-leg and sprang into the fray. The others made a clear way for him. Cæsar saw the movement and, springing back, he exclaimed:

"What! are you, too, ferninst me, Brutus?"

"I sure am!" cried Brutus; and he swung the razor and cut a gash three by six down the front of Cæsar.

Then Julius Cæsar was all in.

The Improved

BOSTON GARTER

The Standard for Gentlemen

ALWAYS EASY

The Name "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop.

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sample pair, Silk 50c. Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price. GEO. FROST CO., Makers Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

"So you're seeking a divorce, are you?"

"Dat's what, suh."

"How long have you been married?"

"Ever since freedom broke out, suh; but I wants freedom ter break out ag'in!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"I hear your husband is a golf enthusiast, Bridget."

"Shure, he is, ma'am."

"Has he done any good work on the links lately?"

"Shure, he has. He cut the grass th' day."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Grand Prix. Paris, 1900.

When you play with **Bicycle Playing Cards**

TRADE MARK ACE

You hold GOOD CARDS.

"Card Games and How to Play Them" a 120 page book mailed for six flap ends from Bicycle boxes, or five 2c. stamps. Dept. 26, THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO., Cincinnati, O.

Sold by Dealers from Greenland to Australia.

No other 25c. card is so durable and satisfactory.

Goddess of Liberty trade-mark ace on every pack.

Paine's Trays make Duplicate Whist enjoyable.—Booklet free.

"The ear-rings are very pretty," she said, with just a tinge of disappointment, "but the stones are very small."

"But, my dear," replied the foxy man, "if they were any larger they would be all out of proportion to the size of your ears."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"Do you guarantee this goods not to fade?"

"Absolutely. And if it does we will sell you new goods to match the changed color."—*Indianapolis News.*

Maryland Club

Pure Rye Whiskey

IT TASTES OLD BECAUSE IT IS OLD.

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THAT TRADE MARK

Appears on the genuine. Union Suits and Separate Garments, all sizes—only best materials; sold by progressive dealers. Send for handsome booklet, FREE. HAY & TODD MFG. CO., Ypsilanti, Mich.

ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

Boy—"Gee! I wonder who told him that it was Thanksgiving to-day."

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."

—*Medical Press (London), Aug., 1899.*

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AT ALL BARS and RESTAURANTS.

NEW YORK THEATRES.

Manhattan Theatre B'way & 33d St., New York.

MRS FISKE and her Company in MIRANDA OF THE BALCONY

Every Evening at 8:20. Saturday Matinee at 2:15.

GOOD BYE, RHEUMATISM!

Stomach Troubles, Obesity, Constipation, Nerve, Blood and Skin Diseases all positively cured by

Electricity, Hot Air, Vibrations, Ozone and Balsamic Inhalations.

DR. NOËL, 41 WEST 33D STREET, NEW YORK. (Near Waldorf-Astoria).

Small boy (significantly)—"I heard you kiss sister in the hall last night."

Young man—"What's that, you little rascal?"

Small boy (boldly)—"I heard you kiss sister in the hall last night, that's what?"

Young man—"Well, here's a quarter; now, you keep your mouth shut."

Small boy (outside)—"Gee! Wasn't that easy? And I was dead asleep in bed."—*Detroit Free Press.*

They said he owed nothing when he died. A little inquiry showed he had not provided for his chief creditors—his family. This debt is best discharged through a life insurance policy in the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

"I haven't had much experience in horseback riding."

"Aw, dat's all right; dat hoss will give you a plenty."—*Indianapolis News.*

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Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison

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Feel bad today?

Over-eating, working and drinking may have caused it, or you may have caught cold. Makes you feel mean—bad taste—and a headache. Go upon our advice just once and take

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BEST FOR THE BOWELS

No mercurial or pill poison in CASCARETS, but an absolutely harmless, purely vegetable compound. Pleasant, palatable, potent. They taste good and do good. Get the genuine C.C.C. Any druggist, 10c, 25c, 50c. Take one now and

Feel well tomorrow

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MORPHINE Opium habits permanently cured at home. No loss of time from business—no relapses. Free sample and book (in plain sealed envelope). Describe case. DR. PURDY, Room 4, Binz Building, Houston, Texas.

BOMOSA BEST GROWN COFFEE

BEST and MOST ECONOMICAL COFFEE GROWN. 33c. Requires Only TWO-THIRDS the regular quantity. Always packed in 1-lb. trade-mark red bags. Good Coffees 12c. and 15c. Good Teas 30c. and 35c. For special terms address The Great American Tea Co. 31 & 33 Vesey St., New York P. O. Box 289.

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PRESS OF FLESS & RIDGE PRINTING CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

SHE WASN'T UP TO DATE.

MR. GOLFLEY—"Beg pawdon—do you know where the 'links' are?"
MRS. WAYBACK—"Don't believe as how I knows anybody by that name; but if you are the umbrella-man I'd like to know how much you'd charge to put a few new 'ribs' in this here umbrella, pervidin' I threw in a pair of Hiram's third-best trousers to boot."

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Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Prg Co. New York

HE COULD PASS EASILY.

WARD POLITICIAN—"No doubt I could place your son in a job on the sewer contract, but do you think he could stand the gases and odors?"
MR. BOLONNEY—"Shure, he could shtand anyding. He's worked in der shtore mit me fer ofer two years."

Judge

PRICE TEN CENTS.

THANKSGIVING

1901

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BY THE

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THE ONLY DIRECT ALL-WATER ROUTE BETWEEN

NEW YORK
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St. Johns River Service between Jacksonville and San ord, Fla., and intermediate landings.

FAST MODERN STEAMSHIPS AND FINEST SERVICE

WM. P. CLYDE & CO., *Gen'l Agents*
THEO. G. EGER, *G. M.*
19 STATE ST., NEW YORK

PUMPKINS.

What are folks going to eat? Potatoes have entered into a combination to limit the supply and put up prices. Apples, ashamed of themselves as the raw material of cider, have respected the scruples of the Drys and cut their own crop. Sad news comes from up this state that pumpkins are few and not especially fit. What is the world coming to? Potatoes are a luxury; apples are a dissipation; pumpkins are a necessity of life. Take out of American literature and history the thoughts that have been thought and the deeds that have been done under the inspiration of pumpkin pie and what is left? Without it, what is man and where is Thanksgiving day?

It is true, and sad, that bungling or degenerate pie-makers make and vend squash pie and call it pumpkin—so dishonoring a great name and deceiving a foolish public; but the soul of the strong is not to be bamboozled by this wicked substitution. Pumpkin, the ornament of the rural landscape in the fall; pumpkin pie, the ornament of the happy home in winter, the mellow-named, mellow-savored, mellow-flavored angel of the insides! It can have no successor, no parallel, no proxy. Nobody can be "some punkins" who doesn't stoke his brains with pumpkin pie.

Why in blazes aren't there more pumpkins? Is the lack of pumpkins attributable to imperialism, to trusts, to the gold standard or to the absence of the initiative and referendum? —*The Sun.*

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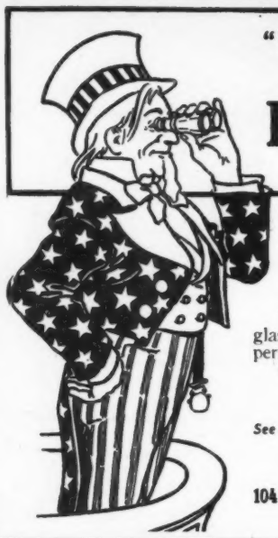

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Because he has discovered the

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OPERA AND FIELD GLASSES.

Gold Medal Paris Exposition 1900.

MADE UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE FAMOUS ASTRONOMER.

The name "FLAMMARION" upon opera and field glasses is a guarantee of faultless optical construction, perfect definition and great light-gathering power. Originality of design and artistic effect.

From $5.00 up.

See that each glass bears the name "FLAMMARION."

E. B. MEYROWITZ,

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IF you have never used the

SNAP HOOKS AND EYES

you cannot realize how much comfort and convenience you are missing. Try them on your next gown, and you will, after a few days' use, discover a lifetime of convenience in dressing and undressing. All dealers and

Snap Hook and Eye Company

OF AMERICA,

General Offices: 25 Broad Street, New York.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

GLADYS—"They say sea-faring men are usually firm believers in the Bible."
ETHEL—"Yes. Sea-ing is believing, you know."

EAT COOK'S FLAKED RICE

DON'T COOK.

1. Pour the dry flakes from the package into a colander.
2. Put a liberal amount of salt into a little boiling water.
3. Pour the boiling salted water on the rice, through the colander.
4. Drain, shake slightly, and turn out on a hot dish; serve with sugar and milk. That is all—and the rice is perfectly prepared in less than a minute.

FOR BABY TOO.

NEW BORN INFANTS—One cup of Cook's Flaked Rice, one quart water, boil ten minutes, add a pint of milk, pinch of salt, and a very little sugar, and strain.

THREE MONTHS OLD CHILD—Use double the quantity of Cook's Flaked Rice (two cups) and do not strain.

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